

THE SENDING OF THIS SCRIPT DOES NOT CONSTITUTE AN OFFER OF A  
CONTRACT FOR ANY PART IN IT

Rehearsal Script

Project No.: 50/LDL K 231K

TX'88

"DOCTOR WHO" 7J

14/12/88

"THE GREATEST SHOW IN THE GALAXY"

by

Stephen Wyatt

EPISODE ONE

Producer .....	JOHN NATHAN-TURNER
Script Editor .....	ANDREW CARTMEL
Production Associates .....	JUNE COLLINS/HILARY BARRATT
Production Secretary .....	KATE EASTEAL
Director .....	ALAN WAREING
Production Manager .....	SUSANNAH SHAW
A.F.M.'s.....	DAVID TILLEY/DUNCAN McALPINE
Production Assistant .....	ALEX TODD
Designer .....	DAVID LASKY
Costume Designer .....	ROS EBBUTT
Make-Up Designer .....	DENISE BARON
Visual Effects Designer .....	STEVE BOWMAN
Technical Co-Ordinator .....	RICHARD WILSON
Lighting Director .....	
Sound Supervisor .....	SCOTT TALBOT
Video Effects .....	DAVE CHAPMAN
Special Sound .....	DICK MILLS

OB REHEARSAL : 6th-12th May

OB : 14th-18th May

REHEARSAL : 20th-30th May / 6th-14th June

STUDIO: 31st May, 1st & 2nd June / 15th & 16th June

"DOCTOR WHO" : 7J : 'THE GREATEST SHOW IN THE GALAXY' - Episode One

CAST:

THE DOCTOR  
ACE  
THE RINGMASTER  
BELL BOY  
FLOWERCHILD  
THE STALLSLADY  
THE CHIEF CLOWN  
NORD  
THE CAPTAIN  
MAGS  
BUS CONDUCTOR  
WHIZZ KID  
MORGANA

NON SPEAKING:

CLOWNS

HEARD BUT NOT SEEN:

VOICE OF ROBOT HEAD  
CHIEF CLOWN'S VOICE ON CIRCUS PROMO

\* \* \* \* \*

"DOCTOR WHO" : 7J : 'THE GREATEST SHOW IN THE GALAXY' - Episode One

OB LOCATIONS:

Roadside Stall  
Hippy Site (Double Decker Bus)  
Clearing (Buried Robot head)  
Circus Site  
Landing Base  
Countryside 1. (Bell Boy and Flowerchild Sc.7/Hearse Sc.13)  
Countryside 2. (Hearse, Chief Clown and Kites)  
Countryside 3. (Bell Boy walking)  
Countryside 4. (Body Bags and Flowerchild)  
Country Road (Bell Boy and Flowerchild/Doctor and Ace/Nord/  
Hearse/Jeep

STUDIO:

Tardis Console Room  
Circus Ring/Big Tent Seating Area  
Circus Vestibule

MODEL SHOTS:

1. TARDIS and metal satellite in Deep Space
2. TARDIS and satellite/satellite vanishes
3. TARDIS alone in Deep Space

\* \* \* \* \*

"DOCTOR WHO"

'THE GREATEST SHOW IN THE GALAXY'

by

Stephen Wyatt

EPISODE ONE

1. INT. THE CIRCUS RING.

(THE RINGMASTER  
STANDS ISOLATED  
IN A SPOT IN THE  
CENTRE OF THE  
RING.

HE IS A BLACK  
JOE COOL IN  
BRIGHT ULTRA-  
HIP CLOTHES.

HE STARTS TO  
CLICK HIS FINGERS.

PERCUSSION ESTABLISHES  
A STEADY BUT  
FAIRLY RELAXED  
BEAT.

HE THEN SPEAKS  
RHYTHMICALLY TO IT  
IN A PSEUDO-RAPPING  
STYLE)



RINGMASTER:

Now welcome, folks, and I'm sure you'd  
like to know,  
We're at the start of one big circus show.  
There are acts that are cool and acts  
that will amaze.  
Acts that are plain scary and acts that  
will simply daze.  
Acts of all sorts that will make you  
all agree.  
It's the Greatest Show in the Galaxy.

(WE MOVE CLOSER INTO  
THE RINGMASTER.

THE EFFECT BECOMES  
MORE MANIC AND CREEPY)

There's lots of surprises for all the  
family  
In the Greatest Show in the Galaxy.  
So many strange surprises I'm prepared  
to bet  
Whatever you've seen before -

(PAUSE.

SPOKEN, CLOSE  
INTO CAMERA)

You ain't seen nothing yet.

MODEL SHOT 1:

Deep space, no  
planets, just stars.

A small speck appears  
among the stars.

A faint distorted  
bleeping noise.

The speck grows larger  
as it comes nearer  
to CAMERA.

We see it is an  
artificial metallic  
double-sphered satellite  
with a larger round  
body and smaller round  
head.

We see the Tardis  
float INTO VIEW some  
distance away.

Two small red lights  
flash on on the head  
of the satellite,  
like tiny sinister eyes  
taking note of the  
Tardis' presence.

The eyes wink out  
again.

2. INT. TARDIS. CONSOLE ROOM.

(THE DOCTOR IS  
PRACTISING PLAYING  
THE SPOONS AND  
VARIOUS CONJURING  
TRICKS.

ACE IS GOING  
THROUGH HER  
RUCKSACK)

ACE: Here. Where's my Nitro - 9?

THE DOCTOR: (INNOCENTLY) Isn't it in  
your rucksack?

ACE: (WITH SUSPICION) It was.

(THE DOCTOR SETS  
THE SPOONS  
ASIDE AND  
PRODUCES A SMALL  
COLOURED BALL FROM  
THIN AIR)

THE DOCTOR: You must have used it all  
up on the Daleks.

ACE: No. I mixed up some more.

(SHE LOOKS AT  
HIM)

Things don't just vanish.

THE DOCTOR: No.

(HE CAUSES THE  
SPOON AND THE  
COLOURED BALL TO  
VANISH)

MODEL SHOT 2:

Deep space.

The satellite hanging  
ominously in the  
foreground.

The Tardis in the  
distance.

The satellite vanishes.



3. INT. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM.

(THE DOCTOR AND  
ACE)

ACE: Don't come that with me,  
Professor. You've bunged my Nitro - 9  
down the waste disposal.

THE DOCTOR: Now, Ace, would I do  
a sly, underhand thing like that?

ACE: You would if you thought it'd  
keep me out of trouble.

(ON THE WORD  
'TROUBLE' A  
BLEEPING ERUPTS  
FROM THE TARDIS'  
OBSERVATION SCREEN.

THE DOCTOR AND  
ACE STOP AND  
STARE)

THE DOCTOR: Trouble.

(THEY GO OVER  
TO THE SCREEN.

THE METALLIC  
SATELLITE HAS  
APPEARED ON IT.

THE NOISE FROM  
THE SCREEN BECOMES  
LOUDER)

ACE: What is it, Professor?

THE DOCTOR: Some fairly rudimentary artificial satellite I imagine. Nothing very remarkable. Except that it's so near the Tardis.

(THE NOISE BECOMES  
MORE INSISTENT.

THE SATELLITE  
APPEARS NEARER)

ACE: It isn't supposed to get that close?

THE DOCTOR: No. But it won't penetrate the Tardis's defence system. Unless, of course -

ACE: (HOTLY) I haven't touched the defence system.

THE DOCTOR: Then any second now, the satellite should -

(BUT THE SATELLITE  
SIMPLY GETS NEARER  
AND THE NOISE  
LOUDER AND LOUDER.

THE DOCTOR ALARMED  
FOR THE FIRST  
TIME)

I don't understand it, it's penetrated the first line of the defence system.

ACE: There's a second?

THE DOCTOR: Of course. And that will undoubtedly -

(THE SATELLITE  
NEARLY FILLS THE  
WHOLE SCREEN NOW  
AND THE NOISE  
IS DEAFENING.

- 1/8 -

THE DOCTOR AND  
ACE PUT HANDS  
OVER EARS)

ACE: (SHOUTING) Maybe I should have  
had a go at the defence systems,  
Professor.

THE DOCTOR: (SHOUTING BACK) Pardon?

ACE: I said, maybe I should have -

(THERE IS  
SUDDEN SILENCE.

THE SCREEN GOES  
BLANK AGAIN)

- 8 -

MODEL SHOT 3:

The Tardis in  
space.

No satellite.

4. INT. TARDIS.

(THE DOCTOR  
BREATHES A SIGH  
OF RELIEF)

THE DOCTOR: Danger over.

(BEHIND THEM IN  
AN UNEXPECTED  
CORNER OF THE  
TARDIS THE SATELLITE  
SILENTLY  
MATERIALISES AND  
LIES THERE EYES  
GLOWING, STEAMING  
SLIGHTLY.

THE DOCTOR AND  
ACE CONTINUE  
TO STUDY THE  
CONTROL PANEL.

THEN THE SATELLITE  
GIVES OUT A  
FAINT BLEEPING  
SOUND.

AT FIRST THE  
DOCTOR ASSUMES  
IT'S COMING FROM  
THE CONTROL PANEL  
AND PUTS HIS  
EAR TO IT)

What's that peculiar noise?

ACE: What peculiar noise? I don't  
hear any peculiar -

(ACE TURNS AND  
SEES THE SATELLITE.

IT'S EYES IMMEDIATELY  
GO BLANK.



IT LIES THERE  
BLEEPING AWAY)

THE DOCTOR: How extraordinary! It's  
materialised inside the Tardis.

ACE: Is that unusual?

THE DOCTOR: Almost without precedent.

(HE PRODUCES A  
GEIGER COUNTER  
FROM HIS VOLUMINOUS  
POCKET AND  
RESTRAINS ACE  
WHILE HE DOES  
A CHECK)

(WITH SOME RELIEF) The radiation count  
is normal.

ACE: Ace!

(SHE MOVES TOWARDS  
THE SATELLITE)

THE DOCTOR: Wait a moment. There are  
a couple more routine checks we must  
make.

(HE PRODUCES A  
COUPLE MORE  
ODD-LOOKING  
MEASURING INSTRUMENTS  
FROM HIS POCKET.

ACE IS IMMEDIATELY  
TAKEN WITH ONE  
OF THEM AND  
PICKS IT UP)

ACE: What's this one measure?

THE DOCTOR: Good question.

ACE: And this one?

THE DOCTOR: This one measures the other one. But this one detects explosives.

ACE: Explosives?

THE DOCTOR: It might be some kind of bomb.

ACE: If it is, can I keep it?

THE DOCTOR: No. Mind you it looks pretty harmless to me. Just what you'd expect in this part of the Galaxy.

(WHILE THEY'VE  
BEEN BUSY WITH  
THE INSTRUMENTS,  
THE SATELLITE  
LEFT ON THE FLOOR  
HAS SPROUTED LEGS  
AND CREPT SPIDER-  
LIKE TOWARDS THE  
CONSOLE.

NOW JUST AS THE  
DOCTOR AND ACE  
TURNS, HOLDING A  
MEASURING INSTRUMENT  
APIECE, THE  
SATELLITE SHOOTS  
OUT A SNAKE-LIKE  
WIRE AND PLUGS  
ITSELF INTO THE  
CONSOLE.

THEY STARE)

ACE: Was that just as you'd expect too, Professor?

THE DOCTOR: Not entirely.

(THE SCREEN SUDDENLY  
ERUPTS INTO  
LIFE.

A PICTURE OF  
A CIRCUS TENT  
APPEARS ACCOMPANIED  
BY A SOUPY  
SOUNDTRACK AND  
A VOICE (THAT  
OF THE CHIEF  
CLOWN))

VOICE: Yes, it's Festival Time at  
the Psychic Circus - the Greatest Show  
in the Galaxy. So why not come along  
and have the time of your life with  
the non-stop action of -

ACE: (IN DISMAY) Oh no, I don't  
believe it. Junk mail. We used to get  
mounds of the stuff through the  
letterbox. And now you're being  
bombarded with it inside the Tardis.

THE DOCTOR: Junk mail gets everywhere.

(THEY WATCH THE  
SCREEN.

THE TENT IS  
NOW SHOWN STANDING  
IN A BEAUTIFUL  
GREEN LANDSCAPE)

VOICE: There's big prizes too for  
the best new circus acts. No wonder  
travellers from all over the Galaxy  
make their way to the planet Segonax  
for the Festival. Remember, whether you  
want to watch or whether you want to  
compete, there's a great time for you  
on the Planet Segonax. The Planet has  
an earthlike telluric atmosphere and,  
what is more, easy access via our  
special polyportable landing base.

(WE SEE A GLAMORIZED  
IMAGE OF THE LANDING  
BASE ON THE VIEWING  
SCREEN)

5. EXT. LANDING BASE. DAY.

(THE LANDING BASE  
IS A GLIMMERING  
EDGED SILVER DISC  
IN THE MIDDLE  
OF GLOOMY-LOOKING  
OPEN COUNTRYSIDE.

SUDDENLY NORD  
MATERIALISES  
IN THE MIDDLE OF  
IT SITTING ON A  
MOTORBIKE.

NORD IS BIG AND  
BEEFY, HIS COSTUME  
A CROSS BETWEEN  
A HELLS' ANGEL  
AND A NORDIC  
SUPER-HERO.

ON THE HANDLEBARS  
OF HIS BIKE ARE  
TWO HUGE ANIMAL  
HORNS. THE REST  
IS DECORATED  
WITH FUTURISTIC  
HELLS' ANGEL TYPE  
INSIGNIAS.

HE LOOKS ROUND  
AT THE OPEN  
COUNTRYSIDE JUST  
BEYOND THE DISC.

WITH A LOOK OF  
SATISFACTION HE  
GETS OFF HIS BIKE  
AND PULLS OUT A  
HUGE AND DISGUSTING  
SANDWICH FROM  
INSIDE HIS JACKET.

HE TAKES A HUGE  
BITE FROM IT)

6. INT. TARDIS.

(ACE PULLS THE  
SATELLITE'S WIRE  
OUT OF THE CONSOLE)

THE DOCTOR: I thought you'd have  
been interested in going to the circus,  
Ace.

ACE: Nah. Kids' stuff. I went once.  
They didn't even have any tigers. It  
was naff and it was boring. Apart  
from the clowns, of course.

THE DOCTOR: You found them funny?

ACE: No, creepy.

THE DOCTOR: Well, I think you're  
being unfair. Many of the acts require  
a great deal of skill and courage.  
You should appreciate that. As a  
matter of fact, I quite fancy the  
Festival talent contest myself.

ACE: Leave it out.

(SUDDENLY THE  
SATELLITE ON THE  
FLOOR RE-PLUGS ITSELF  
ITSELF IN AND STARTS  
TO SPEAK AGAIN  
BEFORE SHE CAN)

VOICE: Scared?

ACE: What?



VOICE: Scared to come to the Psychic Circus?

ACE: No. 'Course not.

VOICE: Scared to take part?

ACE: No.

VOICE: Well, if you are, then go ahead, ignore me. I quite understand.

ACE: I don't believe it. Junk mail that talks back.

THE DOCTOR: (A TRIFLE SMUGLY) Shall we throw it away and forget about it? I'm sure the Psychic Circus isn't scary at all. They all came from Earth originally anyway. It's just a teaser to get us to go.

(ACE DELIBERATES  
FOR A MOMENT THEN  
STARES DOWN AT  
THE SATELLITE)

ACE: (SIGHING) OK, you win, junkbox. I'm not scared of anything.

7. EXT. COUNTRYSIDE. DAY.

(A FIELD IN THE  
COUNTRY. A GLOOMY,  
SUBDUED FEEL TO  
THE LANDSCAPE AS  
IN ( 8 ).

FROM BEHIND A  
BUSH AT ONE EDGE  
TWO FIGURES APPEAR.

THEY ARE DRESSED  
IN TATTERED HIPPIE-  
STYLE GEAR. THE  
MALE, BELLBOY, IS  
MID-TWENTIES, HIS  
COMPANION, FLOWERCHILD,  
SLIGHTLY YOUNGER.

THEY ARE CLEARLY  
FRIGHTENED OF  
SOMETHING. THEY  
LOOK AROUND NERVOUSLY  
THEN START TO RUN  
ACROSS THE FIELD.

BELLBOY STUMBLES.  
FLOWERCHILD COMES  
BACK TO HELP HIM.  
HE STAYS SLUMPED  
ON THE GROUND FULL  
OF DESPAIR)

FLOWERCHILD: (KNEELING BY HIM) Come  
on. We can't give up now.

BELLBOY: (WEARILY) They'll catch us.  
I know it. And drag us back to the  
Circus.

FLOWERCHILD: Bellboy, please. You  
promised. You know, it's down to us  
now. We're the only ones left to  
fight.

BELLBOY: Yes, I know. But look!

(HE POINTS UP  
INTO THE SKY. A  
COUPLE OF BRIGHTLY  
COLOURED KITES  
FLY THERE. THEY  
CARRY A DISTINCTIVE  
EYE-LIKE SYMBOL.

BOTH STARE AT  
THEM IN HORROR.

BELLBOY MAKES AN  
EFFORT AND GETS  
TO HIS FEET AND  
LOOKS UP WISTFULLY  
AT THE SKY)

Your kites, your beautiful kites.

FLOWERCHILD: We mustn't think of  
that now. Come on.

(AND THE TWO OF  
THEM START FURTIVELY  
AGAIN ACROSS THE  
FIELD.

ABOVE THEM THE  
KITES FLUTTER)

8. EXT. ROADSIDE. DAY.

(THE SAME STYLE  
OF GLOOMY LANDSCAPE.

THE TARDIS MATERIALISES  
ON THE SIDE OF A  
WINDING COUNTRY LANE.

A MOMENT LATER  
ACE AND THE DOCTOR  
STEP OUT OF IT.

THEY LOOK AROUND  
AT THE DESERTED  
COUNTRYSIDE)

THE DOCTOR: So this is Segonax. I've  
heard good reports of the friendliness  
of its natives.

ACE: I don't see this landing base,  
Professor.

THE DOCTOR: Oh, I expect that's for  
those not fortunate enough to possess  
a Tardis.

(ACE GIVES HIM A  
SCEPTICAL LOOK)

ACE: So now where?

(THE DOCTOR POINTS  
AHEAD OF HIM UP  
THE LANE)

THE DOCTOR: We'll ask for directions  
over there. (cont ...)

(A LITTLE WAY AHEAD  
A LARGE TRUCULENT-  
LOOKING LADY SITS  
BY THE ROADSIDE  
WITH HER STALL  
BESIDE HER. IT  
OFFERS FOR SALE  
DISGUSTING FRUIT  
OF VARIOUS FORMS  
AS WELL AS DRINKS  
AND SNACKS.

SHE WATCHES IMPASSIVELY  
AS THE DOCTOR AND  
ACE APPROACH)

THE DOCTOR: (RAISING HIS HAT)  
Good afternoon.

(NO RESPONSE)

My name is The Doctor and this is  
my friend, Ace.

(PAUSE.

THE LADY TAKES  
THEM IN)

STALLSLADY: What sort of costume do  
you call that?

THE DOCTOR: I don't understand.

STALLSLADY: And her's is no better.  
We don't want your type round here.

THE DOCTOR: And what type might that  
be?

STALLSLADY: Weirdos. You can tell  
them at a glance you know.

THE DOCTOR: I didn't actually.



- 1/21 -

ACE: (SOTTO VOCE) Friendly natives,  
eh, Professor?

THE DOCTOR: Let us not be hasty.

(HE TURNS A  
WINNING SMILE ON  
THE STALLSLADY.

SHE SCOWLS BACK)

First impressions can be misleading.

ACE: Yeah.

(THEY BOTH REGISTER  
THE DISGUSTING  
LOOKING FRUIT AND  
VEG)

Like with clowns?

THE DOCTOR: Precisely.

- 21 -

9. EXT. COUNTRYSIDE. DAY.

(A BLACK HEARSE-  
LIKE THIRTIES  
LIMOUSINE EMERGES  
FROM SOME WOODLAND.

THE CAR STOPS.  
OUT OF IT STEP  
A FIGURE DRESSED  
IN AN UNDERTAKER'S  
BLACK SUIT AND HAT.

HE WEARS A MEDALLION  
ROUND HIS NECK  
BASED ON THE EYE-  
LIKE SYMBOL THAT  
DECORATES THE KITES.  
BUT HIS FACE IS  
THAT OF A WHITE-  
FACED CLOWN, CRUEL  
AND IMPASSIVE. (HE  
IS IN FACT THE  
CHIEF CLOWN THOUGH  
WE DON'T KNOW  
THIS YET).

THE EFFECT AMID  
THE GREEN IS VERY  
SINISTER.

HE POINTS UP AT  
THE SKY. SOME OF  
THE KITES FLUTTER  
THERE. INSIDE THE  
CAR A SIMILARLY  
DRESSED CLOWN IN  
THE DRIVER'S SEAT  
PRESSES SOMETHING  
ON A FRONT CONTROL  
PANEL.

FROM THE PANEL  
EMERGES A SHRILL  
BLEEPING SOUND.

THE KITES MOVE  
OFF ACROSS THE SKY.

THE BLEEPING  
CHANGES IN  
FREQUENCY AS THEY  
MOVE.

SATISFIED, THE CHIEF  
CLOWN GIVES A CRUEL  
SMILE AND SIGNALS  
TO THE DRIVER TO  
SWITCH OFF THE  
CONTROL PANEL.

THE BLEEPING STOPS.

THE CLOWN GETS  
BACK IN THE CAR  
AND DRIVE OFF IN  
THE DIRECTION THE  
KITES HAVE GONE)

10. EXT. COUNTRY ROAD.

(BELLBOY AND  
FLOWERCHILD STAND  
BY THE SIDE OF  
THE ROAD. BOTH  
LOOK GRAVE)

FLOWERCHILD: There's no choice.

BELLBOY: (NODDING) The kites will  
keep on tracking us.

FLOWERCHILD: One of us must get there.

BELLBOY: And the other one?

(FLOWERCHILD SHRUGS  
UNABLE TO SPEAK.  
SHE KISSES BELLBOY.  
IMPULSIVELY SHE  
REMOVES A DISTINCTIVE  
EARRING OF A SHARP-  
EDGED ANGULAR DESIGN.

A MATCHING EARRING  
REMAINS ON HER  
OTHER EAR)

FLOWERCHILD: I want you to have this.

BELLBOY: (MOVED, TAKING IT) I'll  
wait here a while. Then take the long  
route. That should draw them after me.

FLOWERCHILD: No silly risks now.

BELLBOY: (URGENTLY) Go on. (cont ...)

(FLOWERCHILD RELUCTANTLY  
TURNS AWAY AND STARTS  
TO WALK UP THE LANE.

THEN TO RUN.

BELLBOY WATCHES  
HER GO.

THE SKY IS EMPTY  
OF KITES)

BELLBOY: (cont) (SOFTLY) Come on  
kites. Find me.



11. EXT. ROADSIDE STALL. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR AND  
ACE ARE EATING  
SOME OF THE  
DISGUSTING FRUIT.

THE STALLSLADY  
SITS AS BEFORE)

ACE: Yuk! Do we really have to eat  
this muck?

THE DOCTOR: (QUIETLY) Elementary  
diplomacy, my dear Ace. She apparently  
thinks we are a pair of undesirable  
intergalactic hippies. We have to  
convince her that we are nice, clean-  
living people who eat lots of fresh  
fruit and pay our way.

ACE: Paying good money for this muck  
is daylight robbery. Do I have to  
finish it?

THE DOCTOR: (SLIGHT HINT OF SADISM)  
Every last bite. After all, we want  
the charming lady to tell us how to  
find this Circus, don't we?

(THE DOCTOR TURNS  
TO THE STALLSLADY  
AND SMILES WINNINGLY)

Delicious, madam, quite delicious.

(THE STALLSLADY  
LOOKS AT HIM WITH  
SOME SUSPICION)

ACE: Bet she gets something decent  
for tea when she gets home.

12. EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. DAY.

(NORD HAS NOW  
LEFT THE LAUNCHING  
PAD AND IS DRIVING  
ALONG THE ROAD  
EATING HIS DISGUSTING  
SANDWICH WITH ONE  
HAND.

WHEN HE'S HAD  
ENOUGH. HE CHUCKS  
THE REST AWAY.

AS HE DOES SO  
HIS BIKE STARTS  
TO MAKE UNHEALTHY  
NOISES)

13. EXT. COUNTRYSIDE. DAY.

(THE HEARSE IS  
PARKED AT THE  
SIDE OF THE FIELD  
WHERE WE FIRST  
SAW BELLBOY AND  
FLOWERCHILD.

THE CHIEF CLOWN  
STANDS OUTSIDE  
LOOKING UP AT  
THE SKY. THE  
OTHER CLOWN IS  
INSIDE AT THE  
CONTROL PANEL.

THE KITES STAY  
OBSTINATELY OVERHEAD  
GIVING OUT THEIR  
BLEEPING SOUND)

CHIEF CLOWN: We can't have lost them.  
(cont ...)

(THE CHIEF CLOWN  
STRIDES ANGRILY  
BACK TO THE HEARSE  
AND PUNCHES  
FURIOUSLY AT THE  
CONTROL PANEL.

HE LOOKS OUT AGAIN.

THE KITES HAVE  
STARTED TO MOVE  
AWAY IN THE  
DIRECTION WE SAW  
THE REFUGEES TAKE.

THE BLEEPING GROWS  
FAINTER AS THE  
KITES MOVE OFF.

THE CLOWN GIVES  
HIS CRUEL SMILE)

- 1/29 -

CHIEF CLOWN: (cont) I thought not.

(HE ENTERS THE  
CAR AND THEY  
DRIVE OFF AFTER  
THE KITES)

- 29 -

14. EXT. THE HIPPY SITE. DAY.

(AN EXHAUSTED  
FLOWERCHILD ARRIVES  
AT THE EDGE OF A  
SMALL HILL.

SHE LOOKS DOWN  
INTO THE HOLLOW  
BELOW. WE DO  
NOT SEE WHAT IS  
THERE BUT HER  
FACE LIGHTS UP  
WITH RELIEF.

THERE ARE NO KITES  
IN THE SKY)

15. EXT. ROADSIDE STALL. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR AND  
ACE, WHO LOOKS  
RATHER ILL,  
HAVE FINISHED  
THEIR FRUIT.

SMILING, THE DOCTOR  
APPROACHES THE  
STALLSLADY)

STALLSLADY: More?

THE DOCTOR: Er no, thank you. It  
was delicious but extremely filling.  
I am sure you will have gathered  
by now, dear lady, that we are not  
the sort of hobbledehoys and  
vagabonds you take such exception  
to. Indeed, as I said before, I  
am known as The Doctor.

STALLSLADY: (UNMOVED) Some people'll  
call themselves anything.

THE DOCTOR: (UNDETERRED) Anyway,  
be that as it may, we would  
appreciate your help. We are  
looking for -

(HIS VOICE IS  
DROWNED BY THE  
SOUND OF AN  
APPROACHING  
MOTORCYCLE.

IT IS NORD HURTLING  
DOWN THE LANE  
TOWARDS THEM)

STALLSLADY: Here comes another one of you.

ACE: Look at that ace bike, Professor.

(NORD IS ABOUT  
TO SHOOT PAST  
WHEN HIS BIKE  
SPUTTERS AND  
COMES TO A STOP  
JUST BEYOND THE  
STALL.

IN A RAGE HE GETS  
OFF THE BIKE AND  
GOES TO EXAMINE  
THE ENGINE.

BEFORE THE DOCTOR  
CAN STOP HER, ACE  
HAS RUN UP TO HIM)

Need a hand? I reckon it could be a stuck valve.

NORD: (HARD AT WORK) Get lost.

ACE: It's a great bike.

NORD: Clear off. (PAUSE) Or I'll get nasty. Very nasty.

ACE: (SHRUGS) Well, if you don't want to save yourself some time then it's up to you. (PAUSE) Course, it could be a valve spring.

NORD: Scram!!! Or I'll do something horrible to your ears.

ACE: Suit yourself. (AS SHE GOES)  
And I hope your big end goes.

(ACE WITHDRAWS SOME  
DISTANCE BUT STILL  
WATCHES NORD WHO  
IS SLIGHTLY  
NETTLED BY HER  
GAZE.

THE STALLSLADY  
MEANWHILE TURNS  
TO THE DOCTOR)

STALLSLADY: He'll be going there.  
They all go there.

THE DOCTOR: Go where?

STALLSLADY: The Psychic Circus.  
All the riff-raff. Infernal  
Extraterrestrials like him. Monopods  
from Lelex. (PAUSE) Doctors.

THE DOCTOR: I don't understand.  
You're saying he's going to the  
Circus?

STALLSLADY: Course. Anybody who's  
up to no good goes there. We locals  
wouldn't touch it with a barge  
pole.

THE DOCTOR: Is it far, this appalling  
spectacle?

STALLSLADY: Miles and miles. Why  
do you think he's got that noisy  
monstrosity polluting the country-  
side. (PAUSE) Here, you aren't  
thinking of going there, are you?

THE DOCTOR: No, no, the very idea.  
Just a moment. Excuse me.

(HE STARTS MOVING  
TOWARDS ACE)

Ace, any chance of a lift do you  
think?



- 1/34 -

ACE: Worth a try. He doesn't  
look after that bike you know. If  
he'd let me -

THE DOCTOR: Yes, yes, Ace, never  
mind. Let's just concentrate on  
getting to the Circus shall we?

(THEY START MOVING  
TOWARDS NORD WHO  
HAS FINISHED HIS  
REPAIRS)

Excuse me, if you're going to the  
Circus, I wondered if you might  
give us a lift and -

(NORD STANDING  
UP, DWARFING  
THE DOCTOR)

NORD: Do you want something really  
horrible doing to your nose?

THE DOCTOR: Not really. It's just  
that -

NORD: Nobody gets lifts from Nord  
the Vandal of the Roads.

THE DOCTOR: If you say so.

ACE: (RUSHING UP) Now listen,  
pugface, this here is The Doctor  
and you don't go telling him to -

(BUT NORD IS  
ALREADY UP ON HIS  
BIKE. NOW HE  
DEPARTS WITH THE  
MAXIMUM OF NOISE  
AND SMOKE)

THE DOCTOR: We don't seem to be  
getting very far. Literally.

(ACE, HER EYES  
ON THE ROAD)

ACE: I bet he still hasn't fixed  
that valve.

(A NOISE OF  
BACKFIRING AHEAD.

SHE GRINS CONTENTEDLY)

16. EXT. COUNTRYSIDE. DAY.

(BELLBOY IS WALKING  
OSTENTATIOUSLY  
THROUGH OPEN COUNTRY.

HE LOOKS UP. THE  
KITES ARE FOLLOWING)

BELLBOY: (CALLING UP TO THEM) Come  
on over here. It's me, Bellboy!  
That's who you're looking for isn't  
it?

17. EXT. HIPPIE SITE. DAY.

(FLOWER CHILD IS  
DOWN IN THE HOLLOW  
NOW. IN IT LIES  
A BRIGHT YELLOW  
DOUBLE-DECKER BUS,  
DECORATED WITH  
FUTURISTIC  
PSYCHEDALIA, NOW  
BROKEN DOWN AND  
DIRTY WITH ITS  
SPOCK WHEELS MISSING.

FLOWER CHILD APPROACHES  
IT AND REGARDS IT  
WITH AFFECTION. ON  
ITS SIDE ARE PAINTED  
THE WORDS: "THE ROAD  
IS OPEN AND THE  
SIDES ARE FREE".

NEXT TO THIS A  
GROUP OF BRIGHT  
HAPPY FIGURES HAVE  
BEEN PAINTED THOUGH  
WEATHER-WORN NOW,  
ONE OF THE FIGURES  
IS RECOGNISABLY  
THE BOY AND HIS  
NAME IS WRITTEN  
NEATH IT.

FLOWER CHILD TOUCHES  
THE FIGURE AND SMILES  
AFFECTIONATELY AS  
SHE LOOKS AT THE  
GROUP. HAPPY  
MEMORIES COME BACK.

WHEN SHE GOES TOWARDS  
THE FRONT OF THE  
BUS, PULLS OPEN THE  
DOOR OF THE DRIVER'S  
CABIN AND CLIMBS  
IN. SHE SEARCHES  
FRANTICALLY AROUND AND  
THEN FINDS STACKED  
AWAY IN A COMPARTMENT  
A SMALL METAL CHEST  
DECORATED WITH HIPPIE  
SYMBOLS.

LOWER CHILD CLIMBS  
OUT OF THE  
COMPARTMENT STILL  
CARRYING THE CHEST.

ONCE OUTSIDE, SHE  
LAYS IT ON THE  
GROUND AND STARTS  
TRYING TO OPEN IT.

SHE IS SO PREOCCUPIED  
WITH THIS THAT SHE  
DOES NOT NOTICE  
A SHADOW LOOMING  
BEHIND HER.

WHEN SUDDENLY A  
METALLIC HAND  
REACHES FORWARD AND  
GRABS HER THROAT  
FROM BEHIND.

WE HEAR A METALLIC  
SOUNDING VOICE (IT  
BELONGS TO THE METAL  
BUS CONDUCTOR THOUGH  
WE DON'T KNOW THAT  
YET))

BUS CONDUCTOR: Hold tight, please.

18. EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR AND ACE  
ARE WALKING WEARILY  
ALONG THE ROAD)

THE DOCTOR: There's something not  
quite right about all this.

ACE: You're telling me. Arriving  
in a machine that can travel through  
all of time and space and then  
having to foot it across miles of  
countryside to get where we want to  
go.

THE DOCTOR: I was thinking of the  
atmosphere. I told you Segonax  
used to be known for its remarkably  
tolerant and easygoing ways.

ACE: Now they bite your head off as  
soon as look at you.

THE DOCTOR: Precisely.

ACE: Well. I wouldn't be too  
chuffed if I kept on getting  
visitors like Nord the Vandal, I  
suppose.

THE DOCTOR: That's true. But then  
you'd hardly expect a hard case like  
him to be going to a circus anyway.

ACE: Perhaps he was conned by that  
teaser. Like I was.

THE DOCTOR: Something evil has happened here. I can feel it.

ACE: To do with the Circus?

THE DOCTOR: (SHRUGS) Who knows?

(SEE STOPS AND  
POINTS AHEAD)

ACE: Doctor, look!

(AHEAD IN A SMALL  
CLEARING WE SEE  
TWO FIGURES)

19. EXT. CLEARING. DAY.

THE CLEARING  
IS DEVOID OF GRASS.  
IN THE MIDDLE OF  
IT STANDS THE  
EXPLORER, CAPTAIN COOK,  
A POMPOUS FIGURE  
IN A SLIGHTLY  
OLD FASHIONED  
TROPICAL GEAR,  
AND MAGS, A PUNK-  
LIKE GIRL DRESSED IN  
FUTURISTIC PUNKISH  
GEAR WITH A  
AFRICAN HAIR STYLE.

THEIR STANDARD  
IS OLD FASHIONED  
SHEEP HAS BEEN  
BARKED AT THE EDGE  
OF THE CLEARING.

THEY ARE WORKING  
ON THE EXCAVATION  
A LARGE ROBOT  
WHICH IS BURIED  
IN THE GROUND. IT'S  
HEAD AND NECK ARE  
ALREADY EXPOSED AND  
PERIODICALLY THE  
ROBOT LETS OUT A  
PLANTIVE CRY:)

ROBOT: Let me out please ...  
Let me out please ... let me out  
please ...

FOR THIS MECHANIC  
PAINT, THE CAPTAIN  
(IN FULL FLOOD)

W. N.: Of course, on certain  
cases. Treops for example, sights  
like this are every day, you learn  
to take them for granted. (cont...)



Capt. N: (cont) I can remember  
one of my trips to Neogorgon  
I went across a whole valley full  
of electronic dogs' heads submerged  
in mud. Some sort of primitive  
alarm system, I suppose,  
now into disuse. I was probably  
the first person to have visited the  
valley for several millennia at the  
very least. So something like this  
which to the ordinary dull old  
stop-at-home might seem quite  
extraordinary is just run-of-the-  
mill as far as I'm concerned. Still,  
you've never -

MAGS, WHO HAS BEEN  
GETTING RATHER  
TRED, SUDDENLY  
ANIMAL-LIKE GETS  
THE SCENT OF SOMETHING  
(D CUTS HIM OFF)

Capt. Captain -

HE BRANDISHES A  
SPEAR.

HE LOOK TOWARDS  
THE EDGE OF THE  
CLIFF WHERE ACE  
AND THE DOCTOR HAVE  
APPEARED.

BECAUSE WHILE THE  
TWO TAKE EACH  
OTHER IN. THE DOCTOR  
(TAKES FIRST:)

DOCTOR: Greetings. I am The  
And this is Ace.

HE TERSELY, SHOVEL  
(SPEEL IN HAND)

Mags.

- 1/43 -

CAPTAIN: And I am Captain Cook,  
the eminent inter-galactic explorer.  
You have no doubt heard of me, old  
men.

(ACE AND THE DOCTOR  
ALL TOO CLEARLY  
HAVEN'T.

THEY BECOME AWARE  
OF THE ROBOT'S VOICE:)

ROBOT: Let me out please ... let  
me out please ...

20. EXT. HIPPIE SITE. DAY.

(FLOWER CHILD'S  
BODY IS BEING  
DRAGGED AWAY  
FROM BUS INTO  
HIDING BY THE  
BUS CONDUCTOR  
STILL UNSEEN EXCEPT  
FOR ITS METALLIC  
HANDS.

AS HE DRAGS HER  
AWAY, HOWEVER,  
HER REMAINING  
EAR-RING COMES OFF  
AND LIES THERE ON  
THE GROUND NOT FAR .  
FROM THE BUS)

21. EXT. CLEARING. DAY.

(THE CAPTAIN HAS  
PRODUCED CAMP STOOLS  
FROM HIS JEEP. A  
SMALL TABLE IS  
COVERED WITH  
TONIC THINGS.

MAGS HAS JUST  
FINISHED POURING  
EVERYONE CUPS OF  
TEA.

ACE LOOKS THOROUGHLY  
(BORED)

CAPTAIN: (DRINKING) Delicious. My  
own special blend, of course. I take  
it everywhere. I bet you'll never  
guess the blend, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: (SIPPING) Well, I  
could be wrong, of course, but isn't  
it from the Groz Valley on  
Mellodophon?

CAPTAIN: (PEEVED) Good, very good,  
Doctor. (TURNING TO MAGS) Mags,  
could you get on with the  
examination of the head now, please?

MAGS NODS WEARILY,  
PICKS UP A SPADE  
AND STARTS OFF  
TOWARDS THE HEAD.

ACE LEAPS UP  
(ANGERLY)

ACE (RUNNING AFTER HER) I'll give  
you a hand.

THE DOCTOR: (CALLING OUT  
WARNINGLY) Just a moment, Ace -

(BUT SHE HAS ALREADY  
JOINED MAGS  
AND SOON AFTER  
PICKED UP A  
SPADE AND STARTED  
DIGGING.

THE CAPTAIN MEANWHILE  
CARRIES ON TALKING  
AND THE DOCTOR HAS TO  
GIVE HIM HIS  
ATTENTION)

CAPTAIN: Were you ever on  
Melagophon, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: Well, yes, as a matter  
of fact, I -

CAPTAIN: The Frozen Pits of Overod  
are worth seeing, of course, though  
much over-rated I feel. Alright  
for the trainee explorer but old  
hands like myself need something  
a bit more exotic.

THE DOCTOR: (CUTTING IN) Why come  
here then?

CAPTAIN: Sorry?

THE DOCTOR: I said, why bother to  
come here?

CAPTAIN: Well, I'm told the Psychic  
Circus is quite an interesting  
little show, particularly at this  
time when everybody turns up to  
compete in the Festival. Beside she -  
(INDICATING MAGS) - wanted to come.

THE DOCTOR: You always travel together?

CAPTAIN: Of late, yes. I found her on the Planet Vulpana.  
(SOTTO VOCE) Between you and me, she's rather an unusual little specimen.

THE DOCTOR: Of what?

CAPTAIN: That would be telling, old man. How about yours?

THE DOCTOR: (CURTLY) I don't think of Ace as a specimen of anything.

(HE MOVES OVER TO  
WHERE SHE'S HARD  
AT WORK, CLEARLY  
CONCERNED FOR  
HER SAFETY.

THE CAPTAIN FOLLOWS)

CAPTAIN: Keep you shirt on, old man. Everything's a specimen of something.

(THEY STAND LOOKING  
DOWN AS THE GIRLS  
ARE ENTHUSIASTICALLY  
REMOVING THE LAST  
SOIL AROUND THE TOP  
OF THE ROBOTS HEAD,  
WHICH TALKS  
INGRATIATINGLY AS  
THEY WORK)

ROBOT: Oh please let me out ...  
please ... please ... I'll be ever  
so grateful if you'll let me out ...  
go on, carry on digging ...

CAPTAIN: (OVER THIS) Even this robot head.

ACE: (HARD AT WORK) What do you reckon, Professor?

THE DOCTOR: I imagine it was buried for some good reason.

ACE: Yeah. So maybe we'll find out what that reason was, Professor.

THE DOCTOR: Well, what I was wondering was -

(BUT HE STOPS  
SPEAKING FOR THE  
ROBOT HEAD'S TONE  
HAS SUDDENLY SWITCHED  
AND ITS EYES HAVE  
STARTED FLASHING RED)

ROBOT: Carry on digging ... you'll see, I'll show you ... I'll get my own back on you all ... See these teeth ... look ...

(VICIOUS MECHANICAL  
TEETH APPEAR TO  
GROW WITHIN THE  
ROBOT'S MOUTH AND  
THEN TO START  
SNAPPING AWAY.

EVERYONE WATCHES  
TRANSFIXED)

ACE: Gordon Bennett!!

ROBOT: Come on ... come here ... I'll show you ...

(THE ROBOT'S  
ARM SUDDENLY REACHES  
OUT TO GRAB MAGS.

- 1/49 -

MAGS STEPS BACK  
IN SHOCK AND THE  
ARM THEN THREATENS  
ACE.

THE EYES BEGIN TO  
SHOOT OUT LASER-  
LIKE FLASHES AND THE  
TEETH TO SNAP)

THE DOCTOR: Quick! Out if its  
reach. Help, Captain!

(BUT THE CAPTAIN  
STANDS FASCINATED  
AT A SAFE DISTANCE  
STUDYING THE HEAD)

CAPTAIN: Remarkable, eh, Doctor?  
Don't often see one like that, do you?

THE DOCTOR: I've seen ones like this  
quite often enough before, thank you.

(HE PULLS BOTH  
ACE AND MAGS OUT  
OF RANGE.

THE HANDS, HOWEVER,  
STILL REACHES OUT  
SEARCHINGLY, AND  
LASER RAYS STILL  
SHOOT FROM THE  
ROBOT'S EYES.

THE DOCTOR STARTS TO  
FIGHT THE HAND OFF  
WITH HIS UNBRELLA,  
DODGING THE RAYS.

MAGS TURNS TO  
THE CAPTAIN)

MAGS: Do something.

ACE: I've got it.



(ACE PICKS UP A  
PICKAXE THAT'S  
BEEN LYING NEARBY  
THE EXCAVATION  
AND RUSHES BACK TO  
WHERE THE DOCTOR  
IS.

SHE TAKES THE  
PICKAXE AND BRINGS  
IT DOWN ON THE  
ROBOTS HEAD.

THE ARM STOPS WORKING  
AND GRADUALLY THE  
EYES AND TEETH  
DO TOO, WHILE THE  
VOICE FADE AWAY TO  
NOTHING)

ROBOT: I'll get you, I will ... I'll  
get you ... I'll ... (PAUSE) Alright  
then. Next time perhaps.

(IT STOPS COMPLETELY.

THEY ALL LOOK DOWN)

CAPTAIN: Well, well, who'd have  
thought it?

(THE DOCTOR GIVES  
HIM A BALEFUL LOOK)

22. EXT. LANDING BASE. DAY.

(THE WHIZZKID  
MATERIALISES  
ON THE BASE  
IN EXACTLY  
THE SAME WAY  
AS NORD.

HE IS BRIGHT  
EYED, BESPECTACLED,  
WITH GREASED  
DOWN HAIR

HE RIDES A SHINY  
BMX BIKE.

HE LOOKS ROUND  
WIDE-EYED)

WHIZZKID: Wow!

23. EXT. CLEARING. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR  
AND ACE WATCH  
THE CAPTAIN  
AND MAGS DRIVE  
AWAY IN THEIR  
JEEP)

ACE: Bang goes our lift.

THE DOCTOR: No great loss with that  
driver, I suspect. Come on.

(WITH A MUTUAL  
EXCHANGE OF  
SIGHS, THEY  
START TO WALK  
OFF DOWN THE  
ROAD IN THE  
DIRECTION THE  
JEEP HAS ALREADY  
GONE)

24. EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. DAY.

(THE JEEP DRIVES  
ALONG.

IT PASSES THE  
HEARSE GOING  
IN THE OTHER  
DIRECTION.

THE KITES ARE  
IN THE SKY AHEAD  
AS THE CLOWNS  
LOOK OUT.

THE PANEL IN  
THE HEARSE IS  
SWITCHED ON  
AND WE BRIEFLY  
HEAR THE KITES'  
BLEEPING SOUNDS)

25. EXT. ROAD. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR  
AND ACE ARE  
TOILING UP  
THE ROAD.

THE HEARSE  
COMES WHIZZING  
ALONG THE ROAD.

THE ROAD IS  
NARROW AND THE  
HEARSE SHOWS  
NO SIGN OF  
STOPPING.

THE DOCTOR  
AND ACE HAVE  
TO THROW  
THEMSELVES ON  
TO THE SIDE  
OF THE ROAD  
TO AVOID BEING  
RUN OVER.

THE HEARSE  
SPEEDS ON.

ACE AND THE  
DOCTOR PICK  
THEMSELVES UP  
WEARILY AND  
DUST DOWN THEIR  
CLOTHES.

THE DOCTOR  
TURNS TO WATCH  
THE HEARSE SPEED  
ON)

THE DOCTOR: They seem in rather a  
hurry.

26. EXT. ROADSIDE STALL. DAY.

(THE STALL LADY  
IS STILL AT  
HER POST.

BELLBOY APPEARS  
WALKING VERY  
SLOWLY TOWARDS  
HER FROM THE  
DIRECTION IN  
WHICH THE DOCTOR  
AND THE OTHERS  
HAVE SET OFF  
PREVIOUSLY.

KITES FOLLOW  
BEHIND HIM)

BELLBOY: Excuse me -

(HE FALLS  
EXHAUSTED.

THE STALLSLADY  
LOOKS DOWN)

STALLSLADY: You can't lie there,  
you know.

(THE HEARSE IS  
HEARD SPEEDING  
UP THE ROAD.  
BELLBOY LIFTS  
UP HIS HEAD TO  
SEE IT)

BELLBOY: At last.

(THE HEARSE DRAWS  
UP SWIFTLY AND  
THE BLACK CLAD  
CLOWNS GET OUT.

THEY GO TO  
BELLBOY AND  
PULL HIM UP  
ROUGHLY.

THE STALLSLADY  
WATCHES  
DISPASSIONATELY)

STALLSLADY: Is there no end to you  
weirdos.

(BELLBOY IS  
BEING PULLED  
TOWARDS THE  
HEARSE. THE  
CHIEF CLOWN  
SPEAKS:)

CHIEF CLOWN: Where's the girl?

BELLBOY: She'll have reached there  
by now.

CHIEF CLOWN: If she has, she'll regret  
it.

(THEY PULL HIM  
INTO THE HEARSE)

27. EXT. COUNTRYSIDE. DAY.

(A LOCATION  
NEAR THE BUS  
BUT OUT OF  
SIGHT OF IT.

FLOWERCHILD,  
QUITE CLEARLY  
DEAD, LIES ON  
THE GRASS IN  
A SEALED PLASTIC  
BODY BAG WITH  
AN EYE STICKER  
ON IT.

THE BAG IS  
OPAQUE EXCEPT  
FOR A TRANSPARENT  
PANEL REVEALING  
THE FACE.

WE SEE A LARGE  
STACK OF SIMILAR  
UNUSED BAGS AND  
STICKERS LYING  
READY NEARBY)



28. EXT. HIPPY SITE. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR  
AND ACE COME  
UP THE ROAD  
AND COME TO  
THE SAME POINT  
ON THE BROW  
OF THE HILL AS  
FLOWERCHILD DID.)

THEY STOP AND  
LOOK DOWN)

ACE: Oh no, I don't believe it.

(DOWN IN THE  
HOLLOW BY THE  
BUS, CAPTAIN  
COOK IS HOLDING  
FORTH TO MAGS.)

WE FAINTLY HEAR  
HIM SAYING:)

CAPTAIN: Well, of course, if you've  
been on as many trips as I have, you  
get to know that these vehicular  
shrines are ...

(ACE LOOKS AT  
THE DOCTOR  
QUESTIONINGLY)

THE DOCTOR: Well, the bus looks  
interesting.

(THEY START OFF  
DOWN THE HILL  
TOWARDS THE  
HIPPY SITE)

29. EXT. CIRCUS SITE. DAY.

(A CLOWN IS  
PRACTISING  
TUMBLING ON  
A PATCH OF  
GRASS OVERLOOKING  
THE CIRCUS TENT.  
(MODEL SHOT?))

NORD DRIVES UP  
ON HIS BIKE  
AND STOPS TO CALL  
OUT TO HIM)

NORD: Oi, you - whiteface! I want  
the gig at the Psychic Circus.

(THE CLOWN  
SMILINGLY  
POINTS THE  
WAY.

NORD DRIVES ON)

30. EXT. HIPPY SITE. DAY.

(THE CAPTAIN,  
MAGS AND ACE  
ARE ALL STANDING  
STUDYING THE  
BUS.

THE DOCTOR STANDS  
CLOSER TO IT,  
THE SIGNS AND  
DRAWINGS ON THE  
SIDE OF THE BUS  
HAVE BEEN CRUDELY  
PAINTED OUT AND  
HE IS TRYING TO  
DECIPHER THEM)

CAPTAIN: It's obviously some sort  
of shrine. I saw one much like this  
on Dioscuros once.

(THE DOCTOR  
LOOKING UP  
FROM HIS SEARCH)

THE DOCTOR: Shrine or not, I can't  
help feeling there's something sinister  
here.

CAPTAIN: I wonder that you manage  
to explore anything, old chap.  
Everything seems to alarm you.

THE DOCTOR: Not everything. But I  
trust my instincts. (DRILY) You may  
recall, they're not always wrong.

ACE: (IMPATIENTLY) Oh come on,  
Professor, let's explore.

(ACE RUNS OFF  
TOWARDS THE  
DRIVER'S COMPARTMENT.

MAGS FOLLOWS  
HER AND THERE  
IS A TUSSLE AS  
TO WHO GOES IN  
FIRST)

CAPTAIN: (SMIRKING) I agree with  
your young 'friend'. Let's explore.

(THE CAPTAIN STARTS  
TO MOVE TOWARDS  
THE PASSENGER  
ENTRANCE OF THE  
BUS.

THE DOCTOR, STILL  
UNEASY, SHRUGS  
PHILOSOPHICALLY  
AND DECIDES TO  
FOLLOW.

THEY ENTER THE  
BUS, THE CAPTAIN  
FIRST.

SUDDENLY HE STOPS  
AND PEERS AHEAD  
OF HIM IN HORROR.

THE MECHANICAL  
VOICE FLOWERCHILD  
HEARD COMES FROM  
UPSTAIRS INSIDE  
THE BUS)

BUS CONDUCTOR: Anymore fares, please.  
Anymore fares. Plenty of room on top.  
No standing inside. (cont ...)

(COMING FROM THE  
UPSTAIRS IS A  
METAL FACED ROBOT  
DRESSED IN THE  
GARB OF A LONDON  
TRANSPORT TICKET  
COLLECTOR WITH  
A TICKET MACHINE  
ROUND ITS NECK.

THE ROBOT HOLDS  
OUT THE METALLIC  
HANDS THAT KILLED  
FLOWERCHILD  
THREATENINGLY)

BUS CONDUCTOR: Hold tight please.  
Hold tight.

(THE DOCTOR AND  
THE CAPTAIN STARE  
MESMERISED AS IT  
APPROACHES)

31. EXT. ROAD. DAY.

(THE HEARSE DRIVES  
SWIFTLY BACK ALONG  
THE WAY IT CAME.

BELLBOY IS IN  
THE BACK WITH THE  
CHIEF CLOWN BY  
HIS SIDE. IT TURNS  
A CORNER AND THERE  
AHEAD IS THE  
CIRCUS SITE.

BELLBOY LOOKS  
AT IT GRIMLY.  
THE CHIEF CLOWN  
SMILES AND REMOVES  
HIS BLACK HAT  
MOCKINGLY)

32. EXT. THE HIPPY SITE. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR AND THE  
CAPTAIN RUN FROM  
THE BUS PURSUED  
BY THE TICKET  
CONDUCTOR. THE  
CONDUCTOR PRESSES  
HIS TICKET MACHINE.  
AN EVIL-LOOKING RAY  
SHOOTS FROM IT  
PAST THE DOCTOR'S  
EAR.)

INSIDE THE DRIVER'S  
CUBICLE ACE AND  
MAGS ARE SEARCHING  
THROUGH THE COMPARTMENTS.

ACE HAS JUST FOUND  
THE ONE IN WHICH THE  
CHEST WAS. SHE IS  
PULLING OUT THE  
METAL CHEST WHEN  
THEY HEAR THE  
CAPTAIN'S VOICE)

CAPTAIN: Now, now, old chap, steady  
on.

(THEY RUSH OUT OF  
THE COMPARTMENT.  
AS THEY EMERGE,  
THEY SEE THE  
CONDUCTOR CLOSING  
IN ON THE CAPTAIN,  
WHO HAS TO DODGE  
THE RAYS ISSUING  
FROM THE TICKET  
MACHINE)

BUS CONDUCTOR: Fares please ... Hold  
on tight ... Ding ding ...

CAPTAIN: You've got it wrong.  
He's paying the fares not me.

(HE POINTS TOWARDS  
THE DOCTOR. THE  
CONDUCTOR TRANSFERS  
HIS ATTENTION TO  
THE DOCTOR AND THE  
CAPTAIN BREATHES  
A SIGH OF RELIEF.

ACE IS FURIOUS)

ACE: He can't do that.

MAGS: He just has.

(SHE HOLDS ACE  
BACK. THE TICKET  
COLLECTOR IS NOW  
CLOSE TO THE  
DOCTOR WHO HOLDS  
HIS GROUND)

BUS CONDUCTOR: Any more fares ...  
Any more fares ... Ding ding.

THE DOCTOR: Well, yes, I would like  
a ticket actually. I'd like a there  
and back, off peak, weekend break,  
supersaver, senior citizen, bi -  
monthly season with optional luggage  
facilities and a free cup of coffee  
in a plastic cup, and make it snappy,  
you metallic moron.

(THE CONDUCTOR IS  
STOPPED IN HIS  
TRACKS AND FREEZES  
IN BAFFLEMENT. THE  
DOCTOR SEIZES HIS  
OPPORTUNITY)

If I might take a look at that ticket  
machine of yours. (cont...)



(THE DOCTOR REACHES  
ACROSS AND EXAMINES  
THE MACHINE)

THE DOCTOR: (cont) Ah yes.

(HE PRESSES A  
BUTTON ON THE  
MACHINE.

THE ROBOT PROMPTLY  
LOOKS DOWN, TURNS  
THE TICKET MACHINE  
ROUND AND POINTS  
THE MACHINE AT  
ITSELF.

IT OPERATES THE  
MACHINE. THE RAYS  
SHOOT OUT AND HIT  
THE CONDUCTOR IN  
THE FACE. IT KEELS  
OVER TOTALLY INOPERATIVE)

(REGARDING IT) All's fares in love and  
war.

33. EXT. CIRCUS SITE. DAY.

(BELLBOY IS BUNDLED  
OUT OF THE HEARSE  
BY THE TWO CLOWNS  
STRUGGLING AS HE  
GOES)

34. EXT. HIPPY SITE. DAY.

(THE JEEP AGAIN  
IS DRIVING OFF  
INTO THE DISTANCE.

ACE AND THE  
DOCTOR ARE  
WATCHING IT GO)

THE DOCTOR: Some people can't bear to  
be proved wrong.

ACE: He'd have let tin-head do you in.

THE DOCTOR: Let's not bear grudges.  
He can't help being a pompous, selfish,  
self-satisfied meddler.

ACE: Mags might be OK if he wasn't  
around.

THE DOCTOR: Indeed. If a little odd.

ACE: Hey, look!

(SHE HAS SPOTTED  
FLOWERCHILD'S EARRING  
WHICH LIES NEAR THE  
BUS)

THE DOCTOR: You like that?

ACE: (PICKING IT UP) Yeah.

THE DOCTOR: (PACING AROUND THOUGHTFULLY)  
Then finder's keepers I'd say.

ACE: Ace!

(SHE PINS IT ON  
HER JACKET LIKE  
A BADGE)

What do you reckon happened here  
then, Professor? Were the people in  
this bus attacked on their way to  
the Circus?

THE DOCTOR: Presumably. And whatever  
attacked them destroyed them and  
wrecked their bus.

ACE: So that evil you felt - was that  
the bus conductor?

THE DOCTOR: Yes, I think so. Anyway,  
whoever left him on guard here  
seems to have gone now. Perhaps they  
went millennia ago.

ACE: Nothing to do with the Circus  
being scary?

THE DOCTOR: I'm afraid I think not.  
That was all just good publicity.

ACE: Pity. Might have made it more  
interesting. (PAUSE) Are we still  
going there?

THE DOCTOR: Yes. I feel in just the  
right mood. And, after two brushes  
with death in one day, I rather  
hoped you might be.

ACE: (WITHOUT MUCH ENTHUSIASM) If you  
say so, Doctor.

- 1/70 -

THE DOCTOR: (IN PLEASED SURPRISE)  
Doctor, eh? So you can remember  
if you want to.

ACE: (NODDING CHEERFULLY) Seems so,  
Professor.

(THE DOCTOR ROLLS  
HIS EYES IN DESPAIR.

THEY START WALKING  
AWAY FROM THE  
CLEARING)

- 70 -

35. INT. CIRCUS VESTIBULE. DAY.

(THE VESTIBULE IS  
DECORATED WITH  
POSTERS ADVERTISING  
THE CIRCUS IN  
VARIOUS VENUES  
AND AGAINST THE WALLS  
ARE ARRANGED BRIGHTLY  
COLOURED KITES  
SIMILAR TO THOSE  
ALREADY SEEN.

IN THE BACKGROUND  
THE CANNED NOISES OF  
THE CIRCUS. A TICKET  
BOOTH WITH A LARGE  
CRYSTAL BALL PLACED  
AT THE FRONT OF  
IT. ON ONE SIDE  
OF THE VESTIBULE  
IS A COVERED ENTRANCE  
FROM THE SITE. ON  
THE OTHER ANOTHER  
COVERED ENTRANCE  
THAT LEADS INTO  
A BILLOWING TENT  
CORRIDOR AND ON  
INTO THE RING  
ITSELF.

BELLBOY IS ON  
HIS KNEES BEFORE  
THE CHIEF CLOWN WHO IS  
JUST REMOVING THE LAST OF HIS  
BLACK OUTDOOR CLOTHES  
TO LEAVE HIS  
BEAUTIFUL SPANGLED  
COSTUME FULLY  
REVEALED. THE OTHER  
CLOWN STANDS GUARD.

BELLBOY IS WHIMPERING.

MORGANA, DRESSED  
IN A FUTURISTIC  
KAFTAN AND BEADS,  
LOOKS ON UNCERTAINLY)

- 1/72 -

MORGANA: Isn't it enough that we've got him back?

CHIEF CLOWN: You know it isn't, Morgana. He'll have to be punished.

BELLBOY: Flowerchild ... Flowerchild ...

CHIEF CLOWN: Poor Bellboy. He still thinks she may have escaped.

MORGANA: Listen, Bellboy, I want to try and explain why we've -

CHIEF CLOWN: Save your breath.

(TO THE OTHER CLOWN)

Take him into the ring. He knows what's waiting there.

BELLBOY: Please, no ... no.

(BELLBOY IS DRAGGED  
AWAY BY THE  
ATTENDANT CLOWN.  
THE OFFSTAGE NOISES  
GROWN IN VOLUME.  
THE CLOWN SMILES  
AS HE HEARS IT.  
MORGANA LISTENS  
ANXIOUSLY)

MORGANA: What if a visitor arrives now?

CHIEF CLOWN: (SHRUGGING) If they come, they come.

- 72 -

36. EXT. THE CIRCUS SITE. DAY.

(CAPTAIN COOK  
AND MAGS DRIVE  
UP IN THEIR JEEP.

THE CLOWN WAVES.  
THEY DRIVE ON)



37. EXT. ROADSIDE. STALL. DAY.

(DOWN THE ROAD  
COMES THE WHIZZKID  
ON HIS BMX BIKE.

THE STALLSLADY  
VISIBLY MELTS  
AT THE SIGHT)

WHIZZKID: (STOPPING) Hi.

STALLSLADY: Hello, young man. Just  
arrived from the Landing Port?

WHIZZKID: That's right.

STALLSLADY: You've no idea what a  
relief it is to see a nice, clean,  
respectable boy like you after the  
riff-raff I usually deal with. Can  
I help you at all?

WHIZZKID: Yes, please. (PAUSE) Can you  
tell me the way to the Psychic Circus?

(THE STALLSLADY'S FACE  
FALLS)

38. INT. CIRCUS VESTIBULE. DAY.

(MORGANA IS BACK  
AT HER TICKET BOOTH  
CRYSTAL BALL IN  
FRONT OF HER. SHE  
IS ALONE. CANNED  
CROWD NOISES  
FROM THE RING.)

THEN SUDDENLY  
THE CAPTAIN AND  
MAGS BURST IN  
THROUGH THE FRONT  
ENTRANCE)

CAPTAIN: Greetings, my good woman.  
This is the Psychic Circus, isn't it?

MORGANA: Yes, that's right.

(ROARS OF LAUGHTER  
FROM THE RING)

CAPTAIN: (LISTENING) Sounds like  
things are going well. Come on,  
Mags.

MORGANA: But -

CAPTAIN: But what?

MORGANA: You can't go in just now.  
There's a speciality act being  
rehearsed and -

CAPTAIN: All the better.

(HE MOVES TOWARDS  
THE ENTRANCE TO THE  
RING, FOLLOWED BY  
MAGS)

- 1/76 -

MORGANA: You don't understand.  
You shouldn't -

(THE CHIEF CLOWN  
APPEARS IN THE  
ENTRANCE.

THE CAPTAIN AND  
MAGS ARE MOMENTARILY  
STOPPED IN THEIR  
TRACKS.

BUT THE CLOWN  
SMILES, STEPS  
ASIDE AND GESTURES  
THEM THROUGH)

CAPTAIN: Thank you, my good man.

(HE AND MAGS  
GO OFF TOWARDS  
THE RING FOLLOWED  
BY THE CLOWN.

MORGANA WATCHES  
THEM GO AND THEN  
SHRUGS)

- 76 -

39. EXT. THE CIRCUS SITE. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR AND  
ACE TURN THE  
CORNER THAT  
LEADS TO THE  
CIRCUS.

THE CLOWN IS STILL  
PRACTISING HIS  
TUMBLING)

THE DOCTOR: Not as far as we feared.  
Look.

(THE CLOWN SEES  
THEM AND GIVES  
A CHEERY WAVE)

ACE: I still think clowns are creepy.

THE DOCTOR: Nonsense.

40. INT. THE CIRCUS RING.

(BELLBOY GUARDED  
BY CLOWNS IN A  
SPOT.

IN ANOTHER SPOT  
THE SMILING  
RINGMASTER LOOKS  
ACROSS AT HIM  
MOCKINGLY.

THE CAMERA REMAINS  
TIGHT, MOVING  
BETWEEN THESE  
FIGURES. BUT WE  
HEAR THE RECORDED  
ROAR OF THE CROWD.

THE RINGMASTER  
IS RAPPING AS  
BEFORE)

RINGMASTER:

So welcome, folks, I'm so glad  
you all came  
To one big circus with one big  
famous name.  
There's lots of surprises you can  
take it from me.  
At the Greatest Show in the Galaxy.

41. EXT. THE CIRCUS SITE. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR AND  
ACE ARE LOOKING  
DOWN ON THE CIRCUS  
TENT.

ACE IS STILL NOT  
LOOKING VERY  
ENTHUSIASTIC.

THE DOCTOR SHRUGS  
AND STARTS TO  
WALK DOWN THE HILL  
TOWARDS THE TENT.

ACE FOLLOWS AFTER)

42. INT. THE BIG TENT. SEATING.

(MAGS AND THE  
CAPTAIN ENTER  
THE TENT.

THEY STAND AT  
THE ENTRANCE  
AMONG THE SEATING  
LOOKING TOWARDS  
THE RING EXPECTANTLY.

WE HEAR A DRUMROLL)

43. INT. CIRCUS RING.

(THE RINGMASTER  
MAKES A GESTURE  
TOWARDS BELLBOY  
AS THE DRUMROLL  
CONTINUES.

THE CLOWNS FORCE  
HIM TO HIS KNEES.

WE CUT SWIFTLY  
BACK TO:)



44. INT. THE BIG TENT. SEATING.

(MAGS AND THE  
CAPTAIN WATCHING.

BELLBOY STARTS TO  
SCREAM AS IF IN  
PAIN.

THE CRACKLE OF  
HIGH VOLTAGE  
ELECTRICITY BEING  
RELEASED.

FLASHES OF BLUE  
LIGHT ILLUMINATE  
MAGS AND THE CAPTAIN.

WE MOVE IN ON MAGS'  
FACE AND STAY THERE  
AS SHE WATCHES.

BELLBOY'S SCREAMING  
TAILS OFF INTO A  
WHIMPER.

MAGS CONTINUES TO  
STARE AND HER  
COMPOSURE STARTS  
TO CRACK. WE  
STAY ON HER FACE.

LOUD DISTORTED  
CANNED LAUGHTER  
AND APPLAUSE START  
UP.

MAGS STARTS TO  
SCREAM HERSELF.

THE LAUGHTER AND  
APPLAUSE GETS  
LOUDER)

45. EXT. THE CIRCUS SITE. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR AND  
ACE ARE APPROACHING  
THE TENT.

THE LAUGHTER AND  
APPLAUSE COMES  
DISTANTLY FROM  
THE TENT, AND  
FAINTLY ABOVE THAT,  
THE SCREAMING)

THE DOCTOR: Listen! They're  
all having a good time in there.

ACE: (STOPPING) Don't you hear  
it?

THE DOCTOR: Hear what?

ACE: That screaming.

(THE DOCTOR STRAINS  
HIS EARS TO HEAR  
IT)

46. INT. THE CIRCUS RING.

(THE CANNED LAUGHTER  
AND APPLAUSE CONTINUES.

MAGS IS DESPERATELY  
SCREAMING.

THE RINGMASTER  
STILL IN HIS SPOT  
TAKES OUT A REMOTE  
CONTROL, POINTS IT  
AT MAGS AND PRESSES  
A BUTTON ON IT.

MAGS CONTINUES TO  
SCREAM BUT NO SOUND  
COMES OUT.

THE CANNED LAUGHTER  
AND APPLAUSE, HOWEVER,  
CONTINUE)

47. EXT. THE CIRCUS SITE. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR IS  
STILL LISTENING,  
BUT THE SCREAMING  
IS NO LONGER  
AUDIBLE)

THE DOCTOR: I can't hear anything.

ACE: I was sure ...

THE DOCTOR: I think you're just  
making excuses because you don't  
like circuses.

ACE: No, no, it's not that.

(THE DOCTOR STARTS  
TO MOVE TOWARDS  
THE TENT.

ACE REMAINS WHERE  
SHE IS, STILL  
TRYING TO HEAR THE  
SCREAMING)

48. INT. CIRCUS RING.

(MAGS STILL  
SCREAMING SILENTLY)

49. EXT. CIRCUS SITE. DAY.

(ALMOST AT THE  
ENTRANCE TO THE  
TENT, THE DOCTOR  
TURNS BACK TO ACE)

THE DOCTOR: Well, are we going  
in or aren't we?

(ACE STANDS STILL  
UNDECIDED.)

AND FROM THE  
ENTRANCE TO THE  
CIRCUS, THE  
CHIEF CLOWN APPEARS  
WITH A WELCOMING  
SMILE ON HIS FACE  
BECKONING THEM IN)

FADE OUT